

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

Nay, do not thinke I flatter,  
For what aduancement may I hope from thee  
That no reunew hast but thy good spirits  
To feede and cloathe thee, why should the poore be flattered?  
No, let the candied tongue lick obsurd pompe,  
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee  
Where thrift may follow fauning, dost thou heare,  
Since my decre foule was mistris of her choyce,  
And could of men distinguish her election  
Shah seald thee for her selfe, for thou hast beene  
As one in suffering all that suffers nothing,  
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards  
Hast rane with equall thankes; and blest are those  
Whose bloud and iudgement are so well comedled,  
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger  
To sound what stoppe shee please: giue me that man  
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him  
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart  
As I do thee. Something too much of this,  
There is a play to night before the King,  
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance  
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,  
I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,  
Euen with the very comment of thy soule  
Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt  
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,  
It is a damned Ghost that wee haue scene,  
And my imaginations are as foule  
As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note  
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,  
And after wee will both our iudgements ioyne  
In censure of his seeming.  
*Hora.* Well my Lord,  
If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing  
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

*Enter trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene,  
Polonius, Ophelia.*

*Ham.* They are comming to the play. I must be idle,

*Prince of Denmarke.*

Get you a place.

*King.* How fares our cousin *Hamlet*?

*Ham.* Excellent yfaith.

Of the Camelions dish, I ate the ayre,  
Promis-cram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

*King.* I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*,  
These words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now my Lord.

You playd once i'th Vniuersity you say.

*Pol.* That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

*Ham.* What did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,  
*Brutus* kild me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so Capitall a calfe there.  
Beth the Players ready?

*Ros.* I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

*Ger.* Come hether my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.

*Ham.* No good mother heere's mettle more attractive.

*Pol.* O, oh, doe you marke that.

*Ham.* Lady shall I lie in your lap?

*Ophe.* No my Lord.

*Ham.* Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

*Ophe.* I thinke nothing my Lord.

*Ham.* That's a faire thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

*Ophe.* What is my Lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Ophe.* You are merry my Lord.

*Ham.* Who I?

*Oph.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* O God! your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but  
be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my Mother lookes, and my  
father died within's two howres.

*Ophe.* Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

*Ham.* So long, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, for he haue a  
sute of fables; O heauens, die two months ago and not forgotten yet,  
then there's hope a great mans memory may out-liue his life halfe a  
yeare, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or else shall a suffer  
not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epiaph is, for O, for  
O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

H

Enter